

THE AUGUST MAGAZINES.

Harper's Monthly, always a welcome visitor, is fully up to its usual standard of excellence. The Illustrated articles of the current number are "To and 'pon the Amoor River," a continuation of Mr. E. G. Squier's "Among the Andes of Peru and Bolivia," and "John Ball in Abyssinia."

In the following paragraphs are given some facts concerning the natives of the Amoor region:—

The Glykys will not permit fire to be carried out of their houses—not even in a pipe or cigar—through fear that it will bring them ill luck. I learned this fact on being requested to extinguish my cigar before entering one of their dwellings.

They once had a practice of killing occasional guests who came into their houses. They believed that by so doing they could his point to remain with and protect them, and the more amiable the stranger the greater the chance of his being slaughtered.

Their religion is pagan, with a few characteristics borrowed from the Buddhistians. They have a superstitious regard for the bear, tiger, eagle, and cat. They never fight the tiger, and when a native happens to be killed by that animal they bury his remains without ceremony, which is done at a distance and avoided some disgrace. They catch the bear above all possible, build him a cage in a conspicuous place, and fatten him upon fish. On some rare occasion man plays a conspicuous part, by being led or dragged in procession, and then killed and eaten. His flesh is supposed to make the eaters courageous.

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"How Fort McAllister was Taken" is the title of an article by Colonel Nichols. It seems that weeks before the capture of this important fort, General Sherman had got hold of the following letter:—

"Dear Brothers! Here I am in a big fort way off on the Ogeechee river. It is called Fort McAllister, which is the name of a plantation hereabouts. It is a fort with thirty or forty big guns, which we fire at the Yankee vessels whenever they come up the river. They have tried it on with iron-clads, and all that, but we always beat them off, and are perfectly safe in our fortifications. You can't imagine how strong this river is—a single whirling is a straight line compared to it. I told you a little drawing which I made of the bend in the river and the position of the fort. A strong point is, and the Yankees never can take it so long as they stand front door. We don't have much to eat, and it's right lonely here."

The writer then says:—

"The soldier gave this bit of paper to his captain, and so it came on through General Howard, and so I came to him. He examined it in particular, hearing so much say—"Fort McAllister." I never heard of such a place before. It must be one of the Rebel line of defense." None of us then imagined that the name was to go down to history with those of Artois, Malakoff, and Sevastopol.

As Colonel Howard and I rode along in a forest of oak and cypress we encountered the head of a column of troops who, with well-dressed horses, were marching along with that steely gait which was the certain sign of an army which had won.

"What movement of troops is this?" I asked.

"It's Hazel's division. They are to cross the bridge to-night with the purpose of taking a fort which is down the river," replied Colonel Howard. "At, there he comes! Good evening, General!"

"Good evening, gentlemen," was the response of the man who passed us, carrying in his pocket the slip of brown paper which many months ago the rebel soldier had sent to his mother way up there in Georgia, little dreaming that the enemy would be in that way, and that he thus instantly was to be the worst public enemy to his own cause.

A little less than twenty-four hours from that time, with a few moments for rest and load, and Hazen with his brave soldiers arrived opposite to Fort McAllister. He did not wait to dig ditches nor build earthworks. He sent to the Rebel commander no demand for surrender, nor challenge for battle, except such as glorified from the points of his double line of bayonets as they moved slowly, noiselessly, and steadily out of the trees across the naked marshes into the open shot and shell. Steadily and unbroken, except when the dead and wounded fell, they marched on. There was a grim determination, a terrible earnestness in that coming line of blue and steel. They halted not at tangled abatis; they did not need the torpedoes exploding under their feet, but plunged into the deep ditch, tore away the tough palisades, mounted to the parapet, and there, and within the fort, fought hand to hand with its gallant defenders; and when the smoke, reeking like itself into the heavy air of evening, revealed the flag of our Union planted over the ravaged and impudent lookers-on, knew that victory was inscribed all over its bold walls.

"A Visit to the French Corps Legislatif" is the title of an article which sketches the principal statesmen of France in very entertaining style. We select the following paragraph concerning Thiers, Berryer, and Rouher:—

If we continue looking around the hall while he is addressing the Assembly, our eyes fall, in the first place, on a corpulent little man in a coffee-brown coat occupying one of the boxes of the left centre, and evidently absenting from the session on account of a violent attack of the loose gout, which he combats forward, nowtward beyond his high forehead and expansive temple, like a number of astrologers; his round, beardless face bears the traces of long years of infatuation; but notwithstanding its grave expression, there is something exceedingly good-natured and even jolly about it, and a pair of large grey eyes are flashing under his spectacles. Look closely at him, now, one of the most illustrious men of the age—Adolphe Thiers, Louis Philippe's Minister, the historian of the revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire, the poor, impudent journal-
alist, and now one of the whitest and most celebrated statesmen, authors, and orators of France.

It is but natural that, after seeing Thiers, you desire to take a look at his old rival, but now friend, Berryer, the "brave" of the Legitimist party, and idol of all the old Countesses and Duchesses waiting in the Faubourg St. Germain for the restoration of "the good old times," for the arrival of the Comte de Cambon to the French capital. In order that you may direct your eyes to the touches of the Right Center, for in order to indicate that he agrees with his friends of the Left, and so far as opposition to the Imperial Government is concerned, but differs with them on nearly all other points, he has taken a seat apart from them. There he sits at his desk, an old gentleman of decided aristocratic appearance, slightly stooping, but with a very fine expres-

sion of the weather, by some complimentary and historical remarks about the Balzac Guards (for he knew all about them), and by a description of the scenes in the ball-room, and of the dancing, the supper, and the music.

In an article entitled "Two Artists in Comedy," Mr. L. Clarke Davis thus describes the first success of Miss Maggie Mitchell:—

In 1860 there was a gentleman in St. Louis named Aug. Wadsworth, leading the orchestra at the theatre, and chief promoter and conductor of all the musical festivals in that Germanic city. He had been liberally educated in one of the best schools of the tribe, which his mind was deeply imbued with the spirit of art, and the music of his native country. He sat on his porch in the orchestra after night, watching the vivacious little actress, fearing there was more in her than she knew; that she was capable of better things than she had thus far shown. He said nothing to her or to buy one about his fancy, but went home one night resolving to make the little lady's fortune, and to win her name among the real stars in the dramatics. He worked very hard and earnestly at his self-appointed task, and was kept pretty busy between his morning and evening duties at the school and his musical studies.

It was now half-past nine, and M. Thiers leaves amidst the most enthusiastic acclamations of the majority of the tribunes, which M. Roubert also assisted with great enthusiasm. As he compels himself to make the scene in the hall dies away again, as it flushed by a magician's wand, and the members who left their seats in order to congregate M. Thiers return thither in his haste. M. Roubert is acknowledged to be the best speaker, or, as he is called also, the first tenor in the Chamber. He commences his speech in a very quiet and subdued manner, and it is observable that he takes pains to carb his fiery temper; but it is not long in bursting through all restraint, and the heavy form becomes more and more animated, and the voice rolls sonorously through the hall. He speaks in a most impassioned manner and with such energy that the phonographers barely suffice to keep pace with him; and yet his action is so faultless that he rarely takes the trouble of trifling the proofsheets of his speeches. But, however impassioned his words may be, his action always remains sober and cool; only, when replying to personal attacks he often smites his broad chest, or strikes the tribune repeatedly with the palm of his hand. For the rest, he defends the imperious policy in a forcible manner, and, with a smile, turns the tribune upon his own shoulder, and, without interrupting his speech, he draws his handkerchief from his pocket in order to wipe them off again and again. The Assembly hangs breathlessly on his lips; but, when he pauses every now and then for a moment or two, the majority bursts into tumultuous applause, and shout of "Tres bien! tres bien!" resound from all quarters. This is the power of life!—and when, after having spoken for an hour, he has finished, the audience, Star and Manager, clapping their hands, call him to the building or run about at will. On my first visit to a village I was somewhat annoyed at the conduct of the natives. They backed and bowed at me in no indication of good-will, and said the name of the master of our ship, the "Olympe," made them afraid of something the master had done. They caught me the bear above all possible, build him a cage in a conspicuous place, and fatten him upon fish. On some rare occasion man plays a conspicuous part, by being led or dragged in procession, and then killed and eaten. His flesh is supposed to make the eaters courageous.

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